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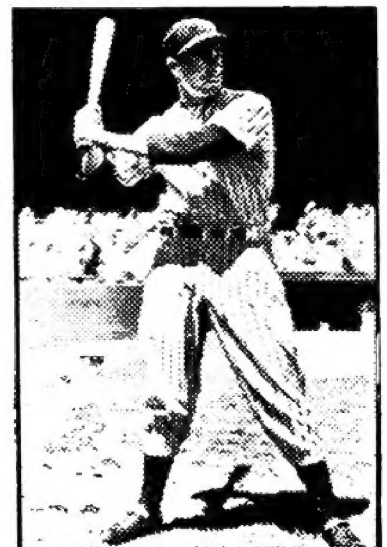
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MALU

The SLAVE GIRL



DOWN THROUGH THE AGES CAME THE MYSTIC RING OF **ZUBRAN**, ITS POWERS SHROUDED IN MYSTERY. SIGNET OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF **ORMUZ**, IT COULD UNVEIL A STORY FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OLD...THE STORY OF **MALU**, THE SLAVE GIRL AND **GARTH**, HER PROTECTOR...



THE SWANK HOME OF SANDRA WORTH, WHERE A PARTY IS IN PROGRESS...

COME ON, JEFF, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO SANDRA, SHE'S A KNOCKOUT!

ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN, YOU'VE BEEN RAVING ABOUT HER ALL EVENING.



HI, SANDY, I WANT YOU TO MEET GEOFFRY GARTH. HE'S JUST BACK FROM ONE OF HIS ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITIONS.

FINE... SIMPLY FINE.

HOW DO YOU DO?



SAY -- HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE?

I WAS JUST THINKING THE SAME THING, BUT I'M SURE WE HAVEN'T.



PROBABLY SOME FLEETING RESEMBLANCE TO SOMEONE. TELL ME, MR. GARTH, WHAT WERE YOU AFTER?

SOMETHING CURIOUS, SOMETHING THAT DISAPPEARED ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

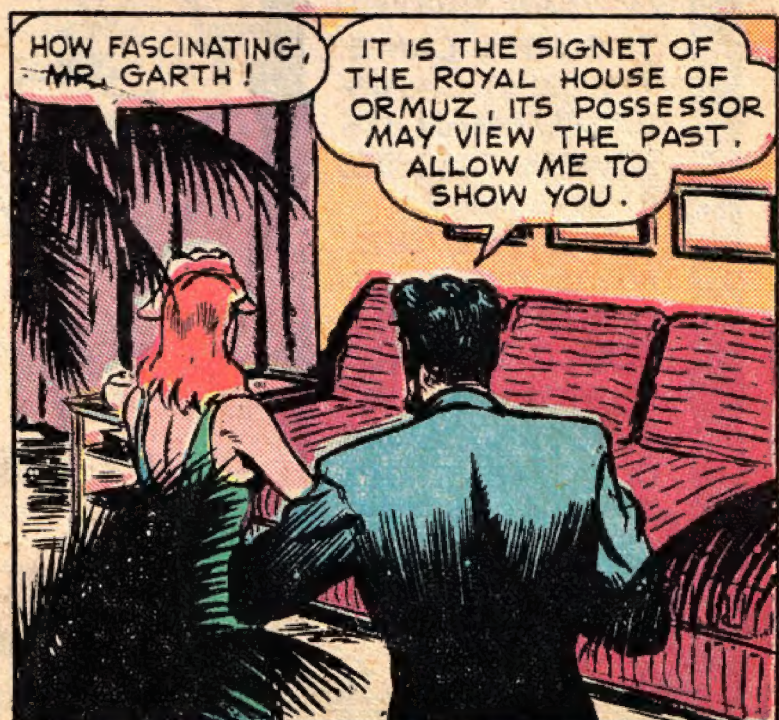


THAT... THAT RING! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?



WHY, AS FAR AS I KNOW, IT HAS BEEN HANDED DOWN IN THE FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS. WHY?

INCREDIBLE! THAT'S THE VERY RING I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR, OR ITS DOUBLE.



HOW FASCINATING, MR. GARTH!

IT IS THE SIGNET OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF ORMUZ, ITS POSSESSOR MAY VIEW THE PAST. ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU.

THE FOLLOWING EVENING, JEFF PREPARES TO TEST THE RING'S POWERS...

AS I READ THE INCANTATION ON THE SCROLL, WE MUST CONCENTRATE ON THE SIGNET.

...O POWERS INVESTED IN THE ANCIENT SEAL OF ORMUZ, TEAR AWAY THE CURTAINS OF THE PAST AND LET US SEE...

SO FAR ALL I SEE IS THE RING.



BY THE SPIRITS THAT GUARD THE DEAD OF ORMUZ, LIFT THE VEIL...

JEFF! JEFF!
I SEEM TO BE SEEING A STRANGE AND WONDERFUL PICTURE OF THE PAST!



SUDDENLY, THE MISTS OF TIME ROLL BACK...

AT LAST, THE WALLS OF TARKO! WITH THE HELP OF THE GODS MY MISSION WILL SOON BE FULFILLED.



HALT, STRANGER, WE WOULD SEE YOUR CREDENTIALS.

I HAVE THEM HERE.



HERE IT ... CLUMSY OAF!
WATCH WHERE YOU GO!

A THOUSAND
PARDONS,
LORD.

LOOK! LOOK
WHAT HAS
FALLEN FROM
THE POUCH

BY TAMIR!
A SPY! THE
SEAL OF
ORMUZ!
SEIZE HIM,
MEN!

THAT
PEASANT DOLT!
I SHOULD
HAVE KILLED
HIM WHERE
HE STOOD!

STAND BACK
LEST YOUR LIFE
BLOOD RUNS
FREE

SURRENDER!

GOOD WORK! QUICKLY
SECURE HIM! THE SPY FROM
ORMUZ MUST BE BROUGHT
BEFORE THE
KING!

GARTH OF ORMUZ IS BROUGHT
BEFORE THE RULER OF TARKO...

WHAT IS THE
CAUSE OF SUCH
DISTURBANCE,
CAPTAIN?

A SPY
FROM ORMUZ,
OH MIGHTY
RULER.

WHAT DO YOU HERE,
MISERABLE SPY? WHAT
SECRET DO YOU
WISH TO KNOW?

PERHAPS A TASTE OF THE LASH
WILL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE!
... COME, MARCO, LET ME HEAR
THE SINGING OF YOUR WHIP.
WAIT! GIVE IT TO ME. I WILL
WIELD IT MYSELF!



WELL, SPY, PERHAPS YOU CHOOSE TO TALK NOW.

I CANNOT DISCLOSE MY MISSION.

OHH!



STUBBORN, ARE YOU? BELIEVE ME, YOUR TONGUE WILL ...YIII!

OH, WHAT HAVE I DONE?

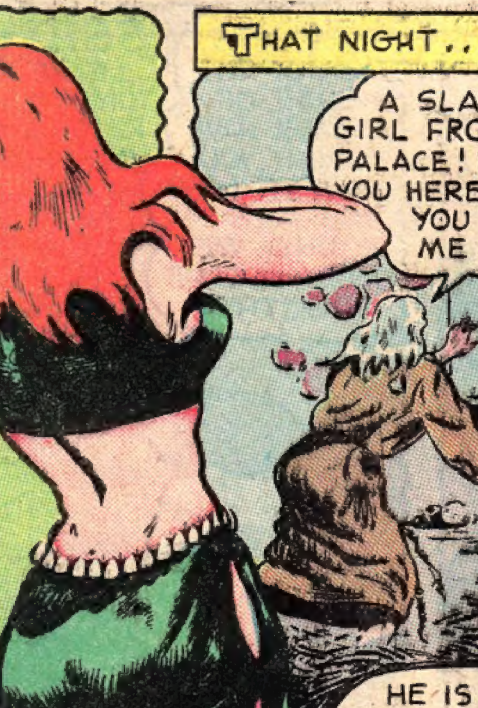


CLUMSY FOOL! YOU HAVE RUINED MY ROBE! TAKE THE SPY AWAY, I'LL DEAL WITH HIM LATER.

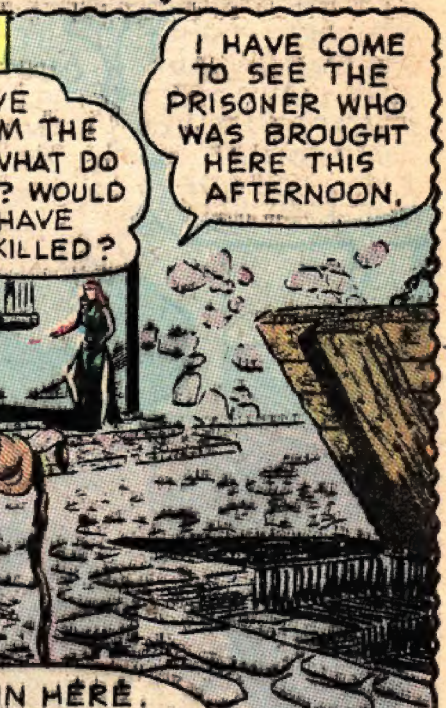


IT IS TIME YOU HAD A LESSON, PRETTY ONE. IN THE FUTURE, YOU'LL EXERCISE MORE CARE.

PLEASE LET HER ALONE! I HAVE COME TO...



THAT NIGHT...



A SLAVE GIRL FROM THE PALACE! WHAT DO YOU HERE? WOULD YOU HAVE ME KILLED?

I HAVE COME TO SEE THE PRISONER WHO WAS BROUGHT HERE THIS AFTERNOON.



I THOUGHT THESE MIGHT PERSUADE YOU TO TAKE ME TO HIM.

IMPOSSIBLE! IF IT WERE A THOUSAND TALENTS I COULDN'T ... WELL ... PERHAPS FOR A FEW MOMENTS. COME.



HE IS IN HERE. SAY WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY QUICKLY AND BEGONE, IT IS DEATH FOR ALL OF US IF WE ARE CAUGHT.



I WILL BE BUT A MINUTE.

THE SLAVE GIRL! WHY DID YOU COME HERE?

I CAME TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU TRIED TO DO AND TO HELP YOU IF I CAN. I, TOO, ONCE CAME FROM ORMUZ.

I WAS TOO LITTLE TO REMEMBER FROM WHOM OR WHAT I STEMMED. I ONLY KNOW I HAVE ALWAYS HAD THIS RING.

THE RING! IT IS YOU! IT IS YOU! I HAVE COME IN SEARCH OF YOU; YOU MUST BE MALU, THE STOLEN DAUGHTER OF ORMUZ!

YOU WERE TAKEN EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO WHEN THE HORDES OF TARKO RAIDED OUR CITY. YOU ARE THE PRINCESS!

IT CANNOT BE! IT CANNOT BE!

FOR YEARS, MEN OF THE HOUSE OF ORMUZ HAVE SOUGHT YOU. NOW AT LAST YOU ARE FOUND. WE MUST ESCAPE TOGETHER.

SSH! I MUST LEAVE NOW. TOMORROW I WILL RETURN AND WE CAN PLAN ANEW.

HURRY, YOU MUST GO! ... OH! THE GUARD! WE ARE LOST!

WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE?

KILL THAT MAN! ... THE KING WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW OF THE TRAVELS OF THIS GIRL. COME!

NO! NO!

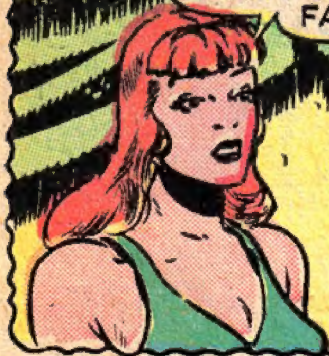
NEXT DAY...

BRING FORWARD THIS SPY AND THE TRAITOR GIRL.

O MIGHTY RULER,
I HAVE DONE
WRONG BUT THIS
STRANGER IS
INNOCENT. PUNISH
ME, AND ME ALONE.

VERY PRETTY, I SHALL
BE TRULY JUST, YOU
WILL SHARE THE
PUNISHMENT
BETWEEN
YOU!

NO! NO! IT IS
I WHO AM AT
FAULT!



IN TWO DAYS, WHEN THE
SUN IS HIGH, YOU WILL BE
THROWN TO THE LIONS IN
THE PITS OF TARKO... LET THE
POPULACE ATTEND AND A
HOLIDAY BE PROCLAIMED.

OH HH!

BE NOT
AFRAID, MALU.
FEAR IS
FOREIGN TO
THE PEOPLE
OF ORMUZ.



THE SECOND DAY, AS THE
SUN NEARS ITS ZENITH...

IF WE COULD HOLD THE
BEASTS FOR A MOMENT,
THERE IS A CHANCE.



HUSH,
THE
GUARDS
COME.

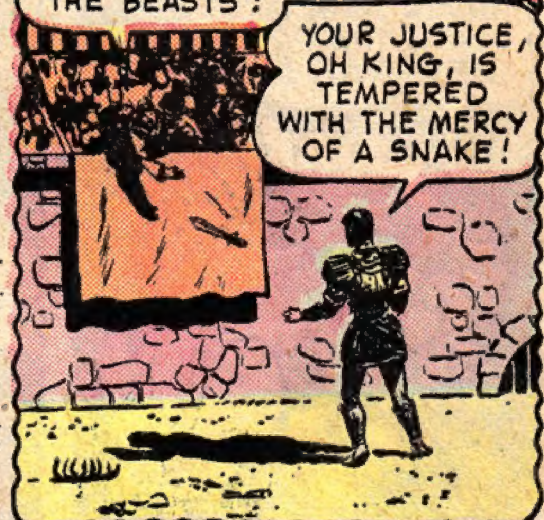
INTO THE ARENA,
QUICKLY! THE KING
AWAITS!



MOMENTS LATER...

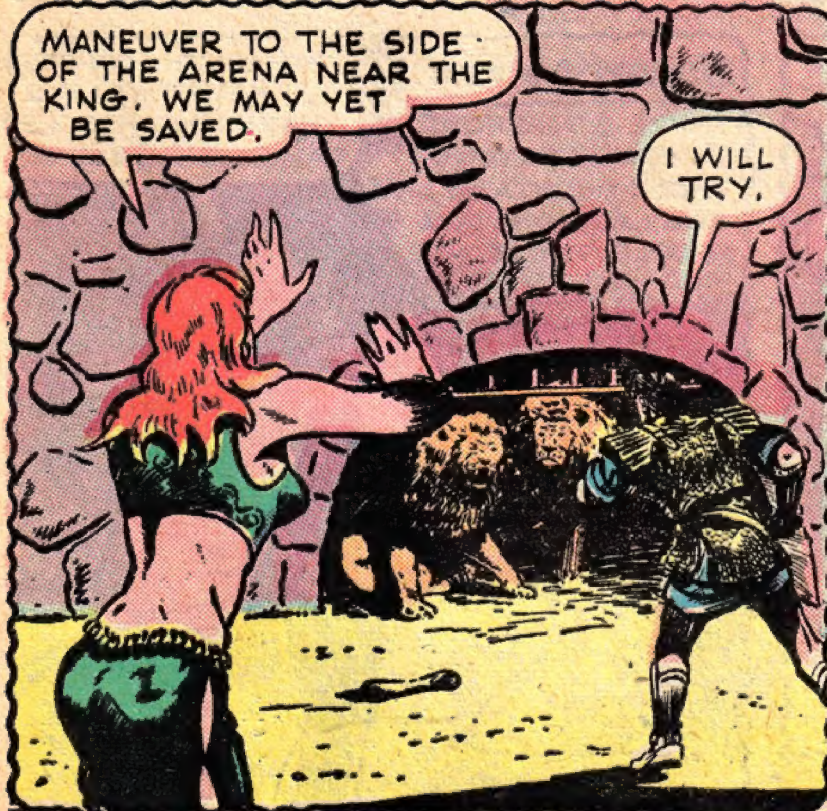
HERE, SPY, A KNIFE, PERHAPS
YOU CAN PROVIDE US WITH
SOME SPORT. RELEASE
THE BEASTS!

YOUR JUSTICE,
OH KING, IS
TEMPERED
WITH THE MERCY
OF A SNAKE!



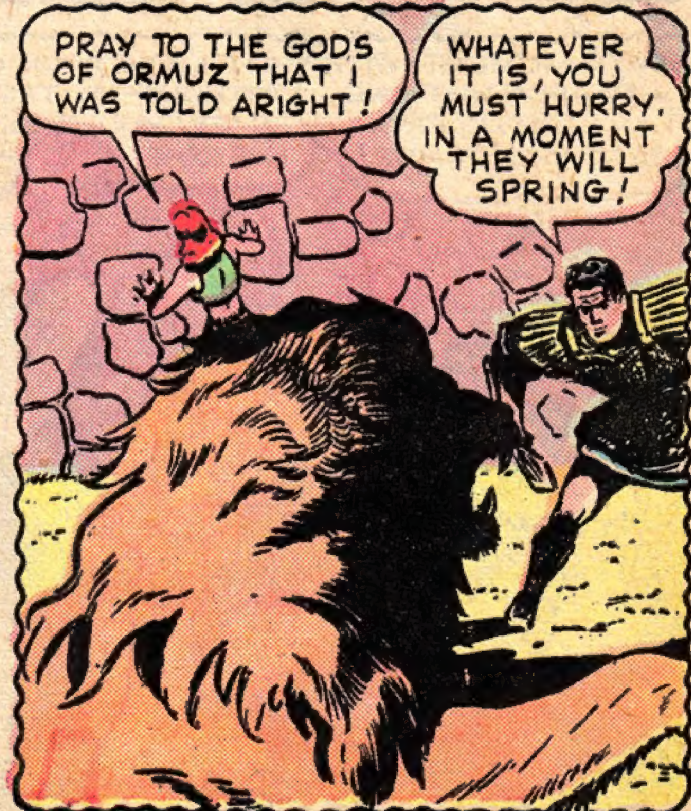
MANEUVER TO THE SIDE
OF THE ARENA NEAR THE
KING. WE MAY YET
BE SAVED.

I WILL
TRY.



PRAY TO THE GODS
OF ORMUZ THAT I
WAS TOLD ARIGHT!

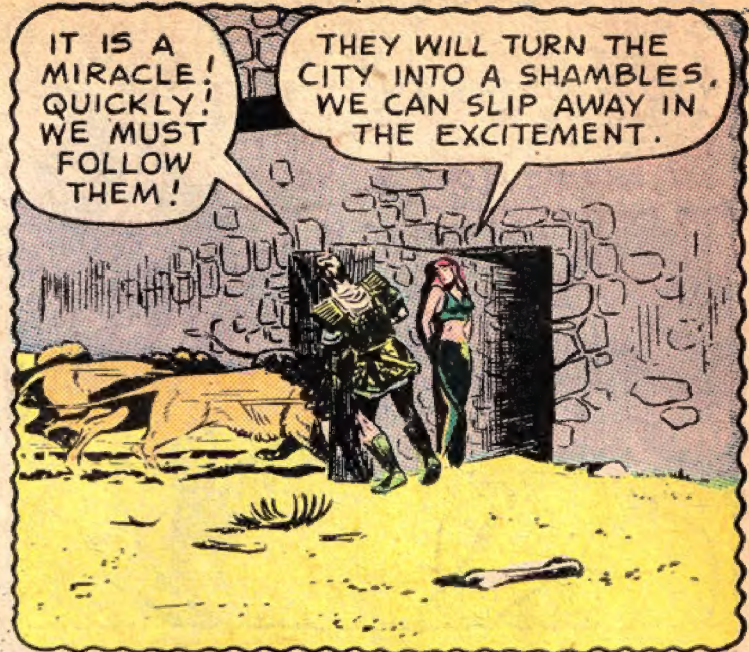
WHATEVER
IT IS, YOU
MUST HURRY.
IN A MOMENT
THEY WILL
SPRING!





I'VE FOUND IT!
I'VE FOUND IT!
THE SECRET
DOOR TO THE
ARENA!

MALU!
LOOK OUT!



IT IS A
MIRACLE!
QUICKLY!
WE MUST
FOLLOW
THEM!

THEY WILL TURN THE
CITY INTO A SHAMBLES.
WE CAN SLIP AWAY IN
THE EXCITEMENT.



SOON THE LIONS ARE IN
THE STANDS, THE STREETS,
EVERYWHERE ...!

GUARDS! GUARDS!
UNDER PAIN OF
DEATH THE PRIS ...
EEE-YAH!



MEANWHILE ...

IF WE CANNOT
GET THROUGH THE
GATE WE WILL
SOON BE TRACKED
DOWN.

LET
US
TRY.



BY ORMUZ,
WE ARE FREE!



BUT A MOMENT! WITH
A WEAPON NOTHING
CAN STOP US FROM
REACHING ORMUZ!

WITH A WEAPON OR
WITHOUT-MY TRUST
IN YOU WOULD BE
THE SAME!



SHORTLY AFTER:

THERE IS THE ROAD
TO ORMUZ. BEYOND
THOSE MOUNTAINS LIES
THE LAND OF YOUR
PEOPLE. THE PEOPLE
YOU WILL RULE!

PERHAPS THE OTHERS,
BUT NEVER YOU. FOR
WHAT YOU HAVE DONE
I AM EVER YOUR SLAVE!

Malu the SLAVE GIRL

FLEEING OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON IN THEIR DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO REACH MIGHTY ORMUZ, MALU AND GARTH FACE NEW PERILS AT... THE BANQUET OF THUZ.



FIGHTING THEIR WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN, MALU AND GARTH ARE PURSUED BY VENGEFUL TARCONIANS

SOON WE WILL BE AT THE TOP!

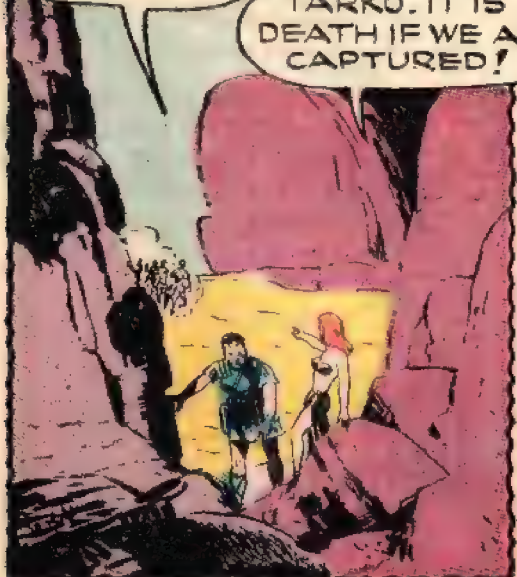
LOOK! A MOUNTED FORCE FROM TARKO. IT IS DEATH IF WE ARE CAPTURED!

QUICKLY! WE MUST HIDE IN THE ROCKS!

THEY HAVE SEEN US. OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO REACH THE HEIGHTS WHERE HORSE CANNOT GO!

I CAN GO NO FURTHER. LEAVE ME HERE AND SAVE YOURSELF!

NEVER! WE SHALL DIE TOGETHER, BUT BEFORE WE DO WE'LL TAKE THE TARCONIANS WITH US!



MINUTES LATER...

IT IS THE END.
SAVE YOURSELF. I
BEG YOU!

WAIT!
PERHAPS
ALL IS NOT
LOST!



BACK..BACK AGAINST
THE ROCKS, MALU. IT IS
ABOUT TO FALL. PRAY
THAT WE ARE NOT CAUGHT
IN OUR OWN TRAP!



EEYAH!

HELP!
WE ARE
LOST!!

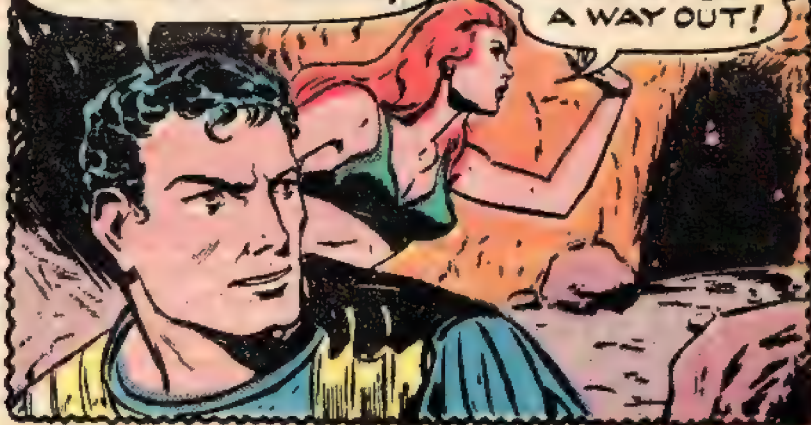
DO NOT
FEAR. WE ARE
SAFE!



WHEN THE AVALANCHE SUBSIDES...

WE ARE FREE OF
THE TARCONIANS, BUT
WE ARE TRAPPED IN
A CAGE OF ROCKS!

WAIT. LOOK
WHAT THE SLIDE
HAS UNCOVERED.
IT MIGHT BE
A WAY OUT!



MALU, THIS IS NO CAVE! IT'S A
PASSAGEWAY BUILT BY THE HAND
OF MAN! SEE HOW SMOOTH THE
WALLS AND FLOOR ARE!



LET US FOLLOW
IT. AT ITS END
MAY BE THE WAY
TO FREEDOM!

AN HOUR LATER...

WE HAVE COME THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN. WE ARE FREE!

NO, MALU. ORMUZ IS STILL DISTANT AND THE WAY FRAUGHT WITH PERIL. LET US TRY AND GET IN THE CITY BEFORE DARK!



at THE GATE OF THE CITY.

TAKE US TO THE RULER OF YOUR CITY. THIS IS THE PRINCESS OF ORMUZ AND I, HER BODYGUARD!



TAKE THESE TRAVELERS TO THE KING REGENT. THEIR CREDENTIALS ARE IN ORDER. LET HIM DEAL WITH THEM!

YES, IN HIS USUAL FASHION!



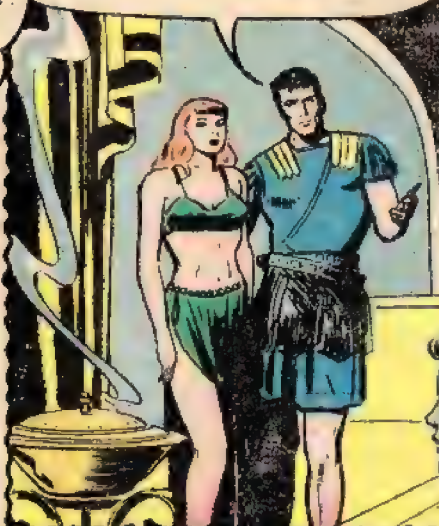
I TAKE IT YOU DO NOT LIKE YOUR LEADER.

HE IS NOT OUR LEADER. HE RULES FOR THE BOY KING. HE IS NOTHING BUT A TYRANT WHO WISHES TO RULE HIMSELF!

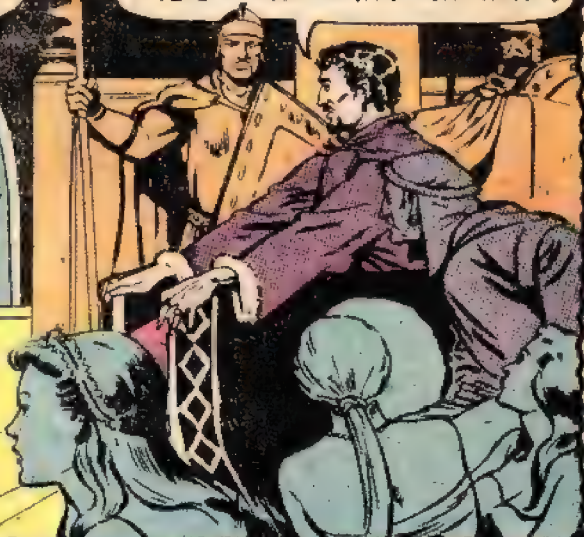


At THE PALACE THEY TELL THEIR STORY...

...AND SO, OH THUZ, WE COME BEFORE YOU FOR HELP ON OUR JOURNEY TO ORMUZ!



ER, YES...YES...HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH BEAUTY, MORDO? SHE MUST REMAIN AWHILE!



I WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH HELP, BUT FIRST LET ME MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE. FOLLOW HAMID, HE WILL SEE TO YOUR WANTS!

THANK YOU, OH KING. SOME-DAY YOU WILL BE REPAID FOR YOUR KINDNESS!



THE FOOLS...MORDO, YOU WILL SEE TO IT THE MAN IS DISPOSED OF. THE GIRL, I WISH FOR MYSELF!

IT SHALL BE AS YOU DESIRE, OH KING!



THEY SHOULD BE WARNED. THIS TREACHEROUS TYRANT HAS CAUSED ENOUGH MISERY AND SORROW!

..AND NOW MORDO I SHALL RETIRE TO MY ROOM OF MANY VOICES. HA HAHA.



IN MALU'S QUARTERS...

YOU MUST BELIEVE ME. HE MEANS TO RID HIMSELF OF YOUR PROTECTOR AND TAKE YOU FOR HIMSELF!

WHY DO YOU TELL US THIS?



BECAUSE HE IS CRUEL AND UNJUST. HE HAS ENSLAVED ALL THOSE FAITHFUL TO THE TRUE KING, A BOY OF TWELVE. I WISH HE WERE DEAD!

IS THERE NO WAY FOR THE LOYAL PEOPLE TO OVERTHROW HIM?



MEANWHILE, THE EVIL THUZ HEARS EVERY WORD SPOKEN IN MALU'S CHAMBERS...

IT'S FORTUNATE WE CAME, HEY MORDO? SEE THAT SELDA IS PUT TO TORTURE... SH! LISTEN!

NO! EVERYONE IS WATCHED AND THOSE WHO WOULD HELP ARE IMPRISONED, BEATEN AND ENSLAVED. YOU MUST LEAVE HERE AT ONCE. I WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY!



MINUTES LATER...

NO NOISE. A SINGLE MISTAKE AND WE ARE LOST. ONCE THROUGH THAT DOOR YOU WILL BE SAFELY OUT OF THE PALACE!

I CANNOT STAND THIS RUNNING LIKE COWARDS. WHY CAN WE NOT STAY AND HELP?



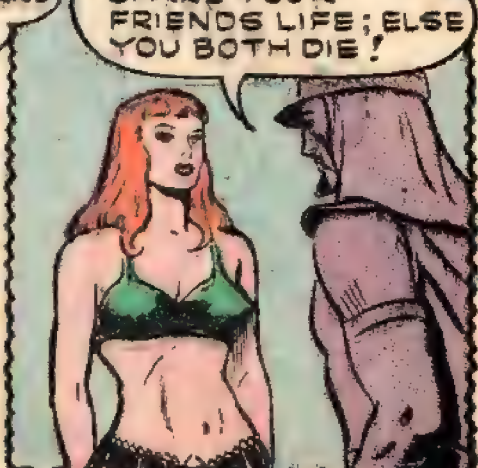
GREETINGS, MY FRIENDS. DID YOU ENJOY YOUR TOUR OF INSPECTION ... SEIZE THEM GUARDS!

PUT A HAND ON THAT GIRL AND I WILL KILL YOU!



STOP! WHAT IS IT YOU WISH OF US, THUZ?

I WILL TELL YOU, BEAUTEOUS ONE--YOU BECOME MINE AND I WILL SPARE YOUR FRIENDS LIFE; ELSE YOU BOTH DIE!



IT SEEMS THERE IS NO OTHER CHOICE. I AGREE, BUT ON ONE CONDITION THAT YOU ALSO FREE THE GIRL!

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE. MORDO, PREPARE A BANQUET TO CELEBRATE THE OCCASION. DON'T FORGET THE SPECIAL WINES!

LATER...

MALU, ARE YOU MAD? WHY DO YOU AGREE TO SUCH TERMS? I WOULD RATHER DIE!

GARTH, FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, YOUR LIFE IS WORTH MORE TO ME THAN MY OWN!



AT THE BANQUET...

BRING ON THE WINE, DARMO. WE MUST DRINK A TOAST TO THE BEAUTIFUL MALU!

WERE YOU NOT MY PRINCESS, I WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM LONG ERE THIS, THE DOG!

THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS POISONED. THUZ MEANS IT FOR THE MAN WHO ACCOMPANYS YOU!

OH!... ER THANK YOU!



COME, OH THUZ, LET US DRINK A TOAST OF ORMUZ. EXCHANGE GOBLET'S WITH ME AND LET US DRINK!

THINK YOU WOULD TRICK ME, WOMAN? ENOUGH OF THIS, SEIZE THE MAN FROM ORMUZ!

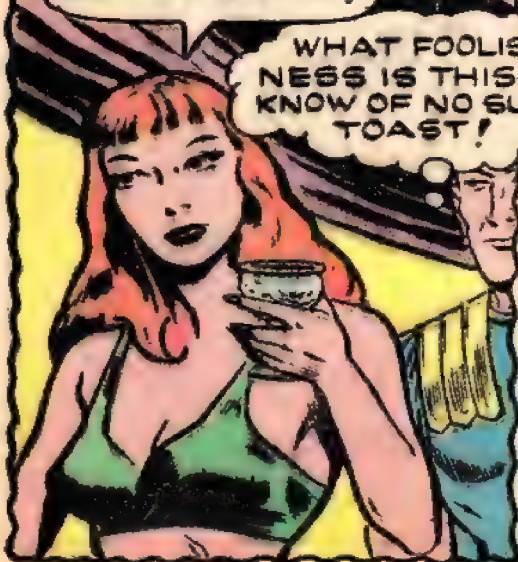
STRIKE THE PRINCESS OF ORMUZ, WOULD YOU? I'LL BREAK YOU IN TWO!

WHAT FOOLISHNESS IS THIS? I KNOW OF NO SUCH TOAST!

EEE!

DOG!

CUT HIM DOWN! HE WOULD KILL ME!



IF IT'S A FIGHT
YOU WANT, YOU
SHALL HAVE IT!

HE HAS DEFILED
MY PERSON. KILL
HIM! **KILL HIM!**

DOWN WITH
THE UPSTART!

I SHALL DEFEND
YOU TO MY DYING
BREATH!

I MUST TELL
YOU. I WOULD
RATHER BE DEAD
THAN MARRIED TO
THAT SNAKE-
LIKE BEAST!



SOON IT WILL BE
OVER, BUT NOT BEFORE
SOME OF THESE SWINE
HAVE MET THEIR
DEATH!

PERHAPS THIS IS
THE TIME... I WONDER.
HOLD THEM OFF, BUT
A MINUTE, GARTH.
I WILL TRY MY IDEA!

SLAVES! NOW IS YOUR
TIME! ARISE AND DEFEAT
THE TYRANT THUZ.
ARISE, SLAVES!

SHE IS RIGHT!
WIPE OUT THE
TYRANTS.
**ATTACK!
ATTACK!**



DOWN WITH THUZ.
FOR THE KING
AND FREEDOM!

KILL THE
USURPERS!
FREEDOM!

I MUST
FLEE. THEY
WOULD TEAR
ME LIMB
FROM LIMB!

I'LL GO, BUT NOT
ALONE. COME, MALU,
I SHALL NEED
COMPANY IN
EXILE!

**GARTH!
HELP!**



DOWN, YOU DOGS!... HAVE NO FEAR, MALU! I AM COMING!

LET ME GO, YOU BEAST!

NOW, TRAITOR, WE WILL SETTLE MATTERS ONCE AND FOR ALL. ON GUARD, SNAKE!

I'LL KILL YOU!

FOOL! IT WOULD TAKE TEN LIKE YOU!... MALU, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES. LOOK, THE SLAVES ARE WINNING!

WHEN THEY REALIZE THEIR LEADER IS DEAD THE VILLAINOUS NOBLES SURRENDER...

THUZ IS DEAD! WE SURRENDER!

WE ARE LOST!

FLEE WHILE YOU CAN!

THE YOUNG KING IS RETURNED TO THE THRONE AND HIS EN-SLAVED PEOPLE RETURNED TO THEIR FORMER POSITIONS

TO YOU, PRINCESS MALU AND GARTH OF ORMUZ I OWE MY KINGDOM AND THE LIVES OF MY SUBJECTS. I CAN NEVER REPAY YOU!

YOU CAN BY HELPING US ON OUR WAY TO ORMUZ!

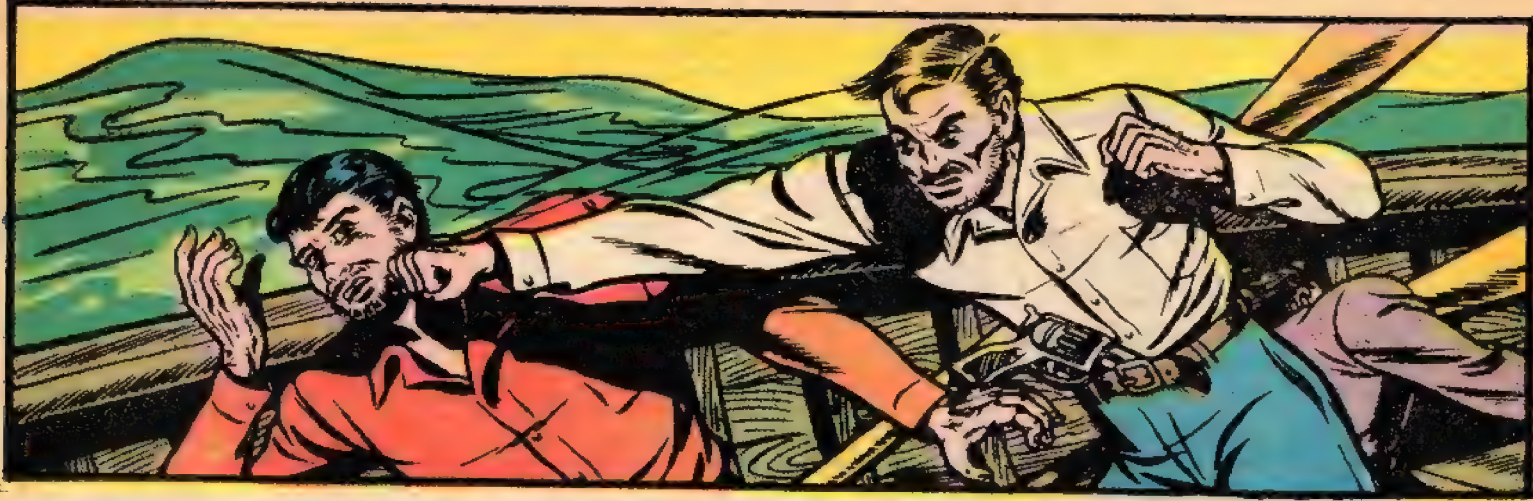
IT IS LITTLE ENOUGH. YOU SHALL HAVE, CLOTHES, HORSES, EQUIPMENT AND WHAT EVER ELSE YOU NEED. YOU MAY ACCOMPANY THE CARAVAN THAT LEAVES WITHIN THE WEEK. MAY YOUR JOURNEY BE BLESSED!

THANK YOU, OH GRACIOUS KING!

THE FOLLOWING WEEK...

AT LAST WE ARE TRULY ON THE ROAD TO ORMUZ. GREAT WILL BE THE REJOICING AT YOUR RETURN!

AND ONCE AGAIN IT IS TO YOU I OWE MY LIFE. TO THE END OF MY DAYS I WILL BE YOUR SLAVE!



THE CURSE OF AHMEN RA

ALTAIR stood at the rail of the steamer, smiling down into the water. When the boat docked in New York, four days hence, he and his three comrades would be rich men. His smile grew as he thought of the warnings they had received before they left on the expedition. The horror on the faces of the natives when he and his companions had broken into the tomb and removed the ancient jewels. The warning from the overseer that the ancient curse, laid upon the grave by the long dead king, would claim them all.

Well, here they were on the way home, the treasure intact and the four of them in the best of health and spirits. True, the men had deserted and they had had a devil of a time reaching the coast, but that could hardly be called a curse, merely native superstition having full sway.

He yawned and stretched with a self satisfied feeling of well-being and decided to turn in and join the others. It was while he was opening the cabin door that it happened.

The ship gave a sudden lurch and then, before he could regain his balance, came the terrific explosion that sent him sprawling. The air was filled with the sound of escaping steam, alarm bells began to go off, excited people ran screaming from their cabins as the boat gave an awful shudder and another explosion rent the air.

Dazedly, he staggered to his feet and fought his way to the cabin. At the door he met the others as they tumbled through it. Henry had a small package under his arm. A gasp of relief escaped him. The treasure was still intact.

The four of them, still dazed from the suddenness of the explosion, beat their way to the deck. There, all was confusion. A passing officer explained that the casualties were terrific, barely a hundred people left alive. He ordered them to the nearest lifeboat and hurried off. There was another lurch as the sinking boat began to go down more rapidly. . . .

How they did it they never could explain,

but an hour later the four found themselves adrift in an open lifeboat, alone on the grey Atlantic. They had a vague recollection of one last violent upheaval as the huge liner had broken up and gone down with the crew still struggling to launch the lifeboats and passengers leaping into the sea by the score. Apparently they were the only ones left from all that vast crew and immense passenger list. It was too stunning to comprehend.

Day after day passed as they drifted aimlessly on what seemed a never ending expanse of water. The morning following the tragedy they had sworn a pact to reach shore together with their precious burden or die in the attempt. The lockers of the little boat were crammed with provisions, cans of drinking water, blankets, everything needed to help them on their desperate journey. Surely, sooner or later, they would be picked up. Confidence ran high.

But now, on the morning of the twelfth day, they began to wonder. Altair stared moodily into the water and let his thoughts drift back to the curse. It couldn't be, yet. . . . He shook his head to drive the thought away. Sheer nonsense, that's what it was. This was no time to let himself be cowed by fear of a silly superstition. He wondered what the others were thinking, but decided not to ask. He leaned back and closed his eyes.

It was at noon that they got the shock: the food and water were almost gone. If they weren't picked up soon they would be claimed by death. Was this to be the end? Months of hardship and backbreaking labor, a fortune in their hands and then death. Death in the limitless expanse of a grim sea?

None of them said anything. Each, occupied with his own thoughts, sat and stared, expressionless, at the rising and falling ocean.

Once again Altair's mind returned to the ancient curse. Vainly he tried to shake it off, but to no avail. It was then that he began to crack. As, hour after hour, death came closer and closer, he began to secretly plot. One of

them could last a long time on the provisions that were left. Surely, with that extra lease on life, he would be picked up.

Then, there was the treasure! He'd have it all to himself. Secretly he felt for the gun hidden in his shirt, touched the knife in his belt. Why shouldn't he be the one to survive? Someone ought to get the use of the treasure, no use of them all going, he rationalized. Besides the one thing he feared more than anything else was death! What should he do?

Hour after hour he brooded and by evening he had made up his mind. He would kill the others and get the water, food and jewels for himself.

Altair watched as the others began to divide the food for the evening meal. Suddenly the thought came that every scrap of food meant added life for himself. In a frenzy he whipped his gun from his belt and faced the three.

None of them moved, but sat staring at him with taut, tense, faces. Then, as he pulled the trigger, they leaped into action. The speeding bullet brought one of them up short. With a grunt he dropped to the bottom of the boat, never to move again. Altair laughed hysterically as he whirled on the other two who were rushing at him like bull elephants. Again the gun barked and the second of his comrades dropped in his tracks. Only Henry was left.

As his finger tightened over the trigger again, Henry was at him. Instantly they were locked in an embrace of desperation. Grimly they wrestled. One for the gun and the other to turn it on the last of his three comrades left alive.

Now they were on their feet again, swaying and rocking in the bobbing boat. Once more they came to grips and Altair slowly felt himself being bent backwards. Henry was forcing his gun arm up. Bit by bit his grip was weakening. Once more death stared him in the face. This time closer than ever.

His fear gave him superhuman strength and with one tremendous effort he flung Henry from him. Back, back he stumbled until with a crash he fell against the rudder. Like a cat he was on his feet. With one motion he yanked the rudder from its socket and raised it. That was Henry's last motion.

The crack of the gun and Henry's scream blended together. Then he slowly toppled backwards into the ocean, the rudder still clutched in his hand. Altair had won! The jewels, food and water were his! In utter exhaustion he collapsed besides the dead bodies of his former comrades.

With monotonous regularity the days slipped by as Altair, alone on his tiny ship of death, eked out his meager existence on the remaining provisions. Then came a day when there were

none left and opposite the gaunt creature that was once a man sat the grinning specter of death.

Still more days went by and Altair realized he was slowly dying. All hope was gone. True, he had eked out a few more miserable days of existence, but for what. He had murdered the three men in the world he once would have given his life for,—and for what? His eye travelled across the boat to the small package that rested on the locker. For that? Jewelry you couldn't drink! Wealth you couldn't eat!

Painfully he slipped off the seat and began to drag himself toward the parcel. Inch by inch, with his last remaining strength, he pulled himself across to the tiny packet. His mind, half-crazed from starvation and fear, visioned it as a living thing. He had but one thought, to wreak vengeance on the treasure that had brought him disaster.

At last he reached it and with clawlike fingers grabbed at it. Raising it above his head, his arms came forward to throw the evil thing into the ocean waiting to claim it.

Abruptly he stopped. Was he going out of his mind? Had his senses, weakened by lack of food, left him. It couldn't be! Yet, there it was! Heading straight toward his tiny boat was a majestic liner!

For a moment Altair couldn't comprehend what he saw, then with a choked cry of joy he ripped his tattered shirt from him and began to wave it frantically. Curse, was there? No curse was going to wreak its vengeance on him. At the last second help was in sight.

Straight for him the huge ship came and Altair, waving his tattered rag, knew that he was safe. They must see him! Nearer and nearer it steamed. Any moment now they would be putting a boat off to get him. Aid was close at hand.

Suddenly he was aware that something was wrong. They hadn't seen him! The boat was bearing down on him! He had to get out of the way or he'd be smashed to splinters!

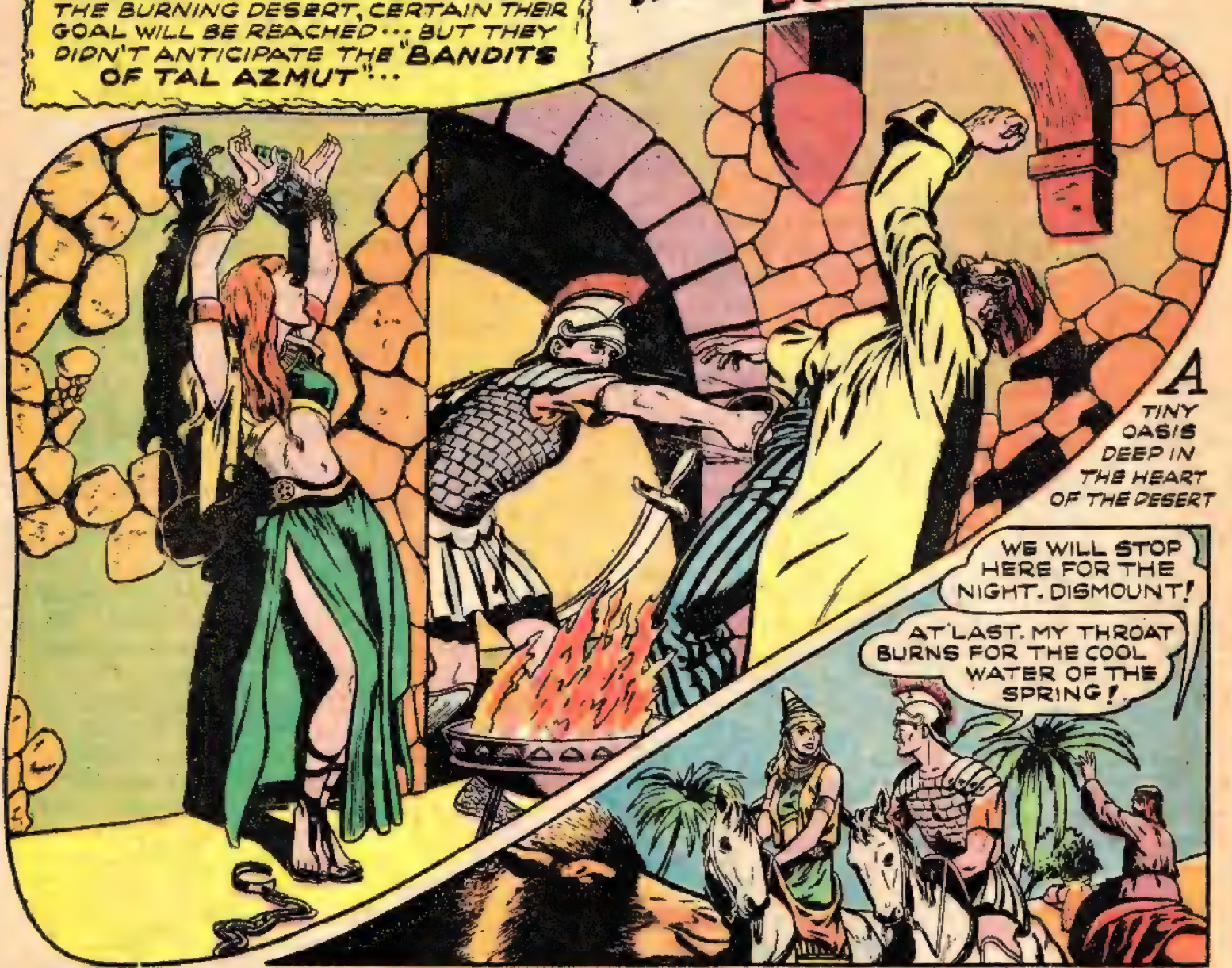
Throwing down the tattered rag he staggered to the stern. Then, with dawning horror, realization came upon him. There was no rudder! Henry had taken it to his watery grave with him.

Utterly numb he watched the monstrous bow of the liner towering over him. Relentlessly coming closer and closer. As it loomed over his head he gave one last scream of terror. There was a crunching, cracking noise and the tiny boat disappeared forever.

Majestically the liner sailed on its course leaving only a few splintered boards in its wake. At that moment a hollow laugh could be heard resounding over the ocean as if from the tomb.

malu the SLAVE GIRL and the BANDITS of Tal Azmut

The TOWERS OF ORMUZ BUT A SCANT. THREE DAYS JOURNEY AWAY, MALU AND GARTH REJOICE AS THE CARAVAN WENDS ITS WAY ACROSS THE BURNING DESERT, CERTAIN THEIR GOAL WILL BE REACHED... BUT THEY DIDN'T ANTICIPATE THE "BANDITS OF TAL AZMUT"...



DO NOT STRAY FAR. WE ARE IN THE REALM OF THE TERRIBLE BANDITS OF TAL AZMUT!

THEY WOULD TURN GREEN WITH RAGE IF THEY BUT KNEW THE TALISMAN OF ORMUZ LAY WITHIN THIS CAMP!

THAT NIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE ENCAMPMENT...

WE HAVE ENDURED MANY HARDSHIPS TOGETHER, GARTH! BUT AT LAST OUR GOAL IS IN SIGHT. I OWE YOU MUCH!

IT WAS BUT MY DUTY, PRINCESS!



**DUTY! DUTY! IS EVERY-
THING YOU DO MOTIVATED
BY DUTY? HAVE YOU NO
FEELINGS? ARE YOU
NOT HUMAN?**

MALU
--I---I---

AM I NOT BEAUTIFUL?
ARE YOU MADE OF STONE?
DO YOU NOT LOVE ME AS
I HAVE COME TO LOVE
YOU?

YOU--I--I AM
SORRY, MALU.
I HAVE A MIS-
SION TO PER-
FORM
--I---

THEY QUARREL,
FALIZ, OUR CHANCE
HAS COME!

OH, YOU!
YOU--I HATE
YOU! GO
AWAY FROM
ME!

MALU,
WAIT!

HOW EXASPERAT-
ING! HE LOVES ME BUT
REFUSES TO SAY IT. BETTER
I HAD REMAINED A
SLAVE GIRL!

WE WILL
TAKE HER AS
SHE REACHES
THE EDGE OF
CAMP!

YES.. YES!
POWER AND
BEAUTY IN ONE
STROKE.

SHE AND THE
TALISMAN ARE OURS,
FALIZ. TAL AZMUT
WILL BE PLEASED!

EEE!

**SOON AFTER, GARTH
DISCOVERS MALU'S
DISAPPEARANCE---**

**UP! UP! AWAKE!
THE PRINCESS OF
ORMUZ HAS
DISAPPEARED**

IT WAS HERE
THAT SHE LEFT
ME. SEE, THERE
ARE HER TRACKS!

LET US
FOLLOW THEM.
FORTUNATELY
THE MOON
HAS RISEN!

WHA--HAVE
WE BEEN
ATTACKED?

LOOK, SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE AND THE TRACKS OF A HORSE. SHE HAS BEEN KIDNAPED! WE MUST FOLLOW THEM IMMEDIATELY!

NO! THAT WOULD NOT BE WISE!

WHAT? YOU MUST BE JOKING!

I DO NOT JOKE! IF WE WERE TO LEAVE THE CAMP WE WOULD BE ATTACKED. WITH OUR FORCES SPLIT ALL WOULD BE LOST. IT IS A TRICK OF THE BANDITS!

BAH! YOU ARE NOTHING BUT COWARDS! I WILL GO MYSELF! IS THERE NONE AMONG YOU WHO WILL FOLLOW?

I HAVE SPOKEN. NONE WILL GO!

MEANWHILE, FAR OUT IN THE DESERT AT THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT TEMPLE.

DOGS! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS! WHAT DO YOU WISH OF ME?

COME, FAIR ONE. DO NOT PRETEND IGNORANCE!

WHAT GOOD IS THE TALISMAN OF ORMUZ WITHOUT THE SECRET OF ITS POWERS. THIS YOU SHALL REVEAL TO US!

IN A SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER BELOW THE TEMPLE.

LET ME GO... YOU... YOU VILE BEASTS!

HOLD HER, FALIZ! SHE IS A VERITABLE TIGRESS!

AT LAST! I WILL STAY ON GUARD WHILE YOU GO FOR TAL!

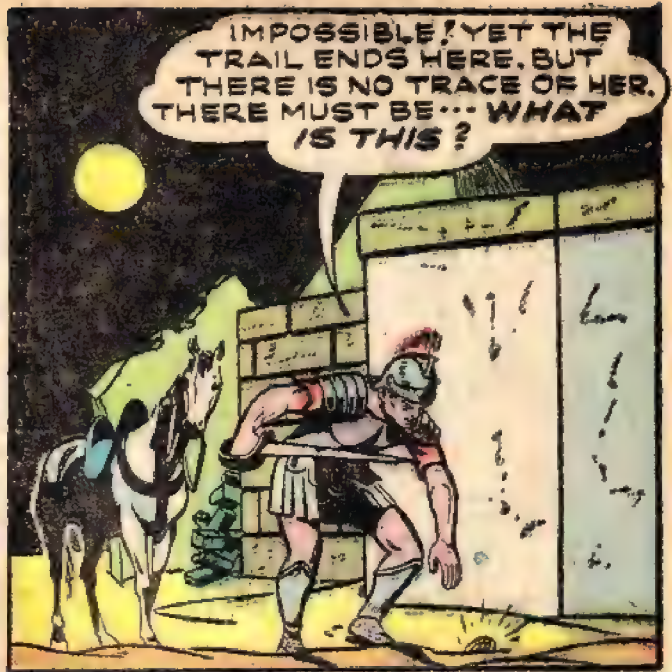
VERY WELL, BUT BE CAREFUL!

TWO HOURS LATER, GARTH COMES TO THE TEMPLE--

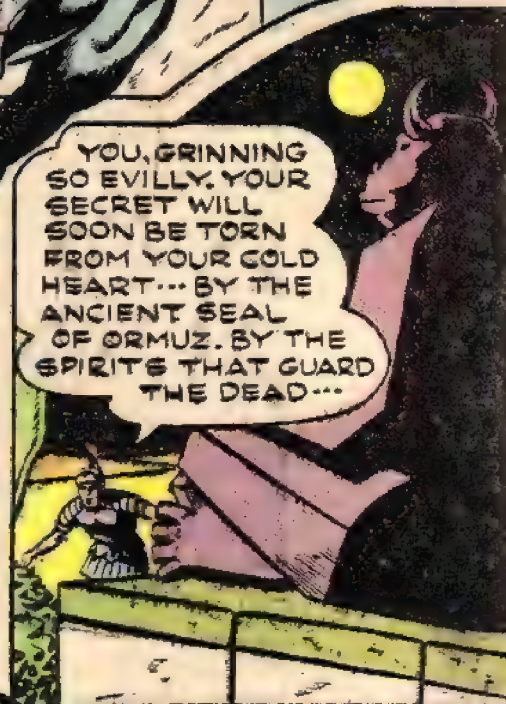
THE TRACKS END HERE.
CAN SHE BE SOMEWHERE
IN THIS ANCIENT PILE?



IMPOSSIBLE! YET THE
TRAIL ENDS HERE. BUT
THERE IS NO TRACE OF HER.
THERE MUST BE... WHAT
IS THIS?



YOU, GRINNING
SO EVILLY. YOUR
SECRET WILL
SOON BE TORN
FROM YOUR COLD
HEART... BY THE
ANCIENT SEAL
OF ORMUZ. BY THE
SPIRITS THAT GUARD
THE DEAD...

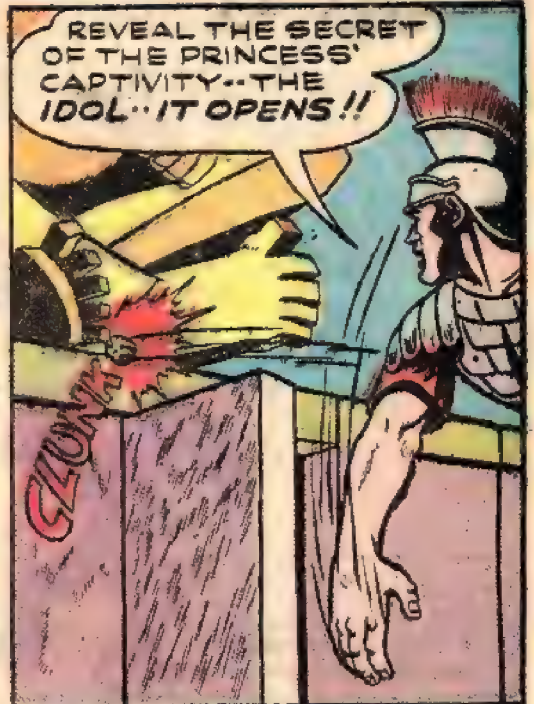


THE TALISMAN
OF ORMUZ! BY
THE GODS, SHE
IS IGNORANT OF
ITS USE! AT
LEAST I KNOW
SHE IS HERE!



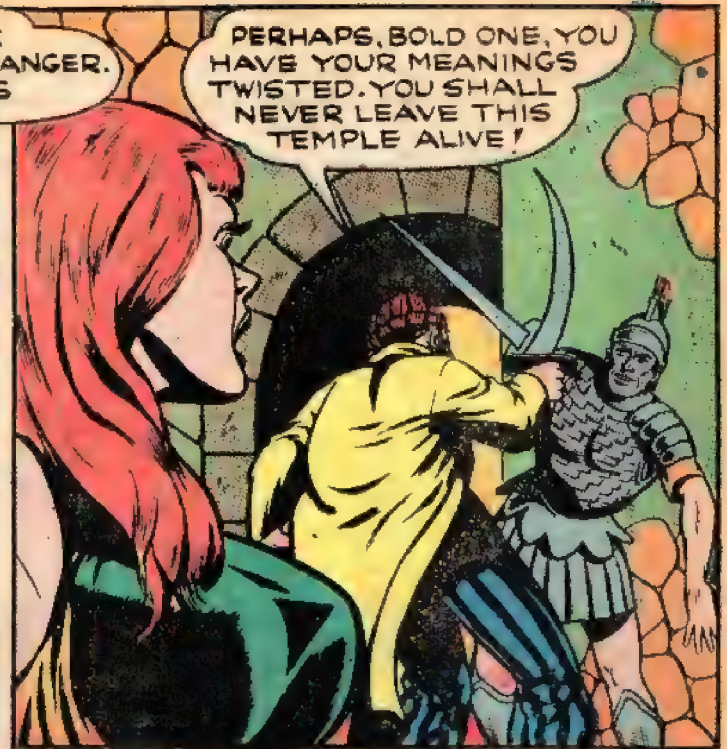
THE GODS
ARE WITH ME!
IF SHE HAS BEEN
HARMED, THEY WILL
PAY WITH THEIR LIVES!

REVEAL THE SECRET
OF THE PRINCESS'
CAPTIVITY--THE
IDOL--IT OPENS!!



THERE IS NO ONE HERE!
PERHAPS THROUGH THAT
PASSAGE!





**SUDDENLY, FATE, IN THE FORM OF A RAT
TAKES AN EVIL HAND AND---**





HE WHO DARES DEFILE
THE PRINCESS OF
ORMUZ IS NOT
FIT TO
LIVE!

AARGH!



IF WE CAN
REACH THE
TOP WE MAY
YET WIN!

THEY ARE
RIGHT
BEHIND
US!



IT IS TOO
LATE!

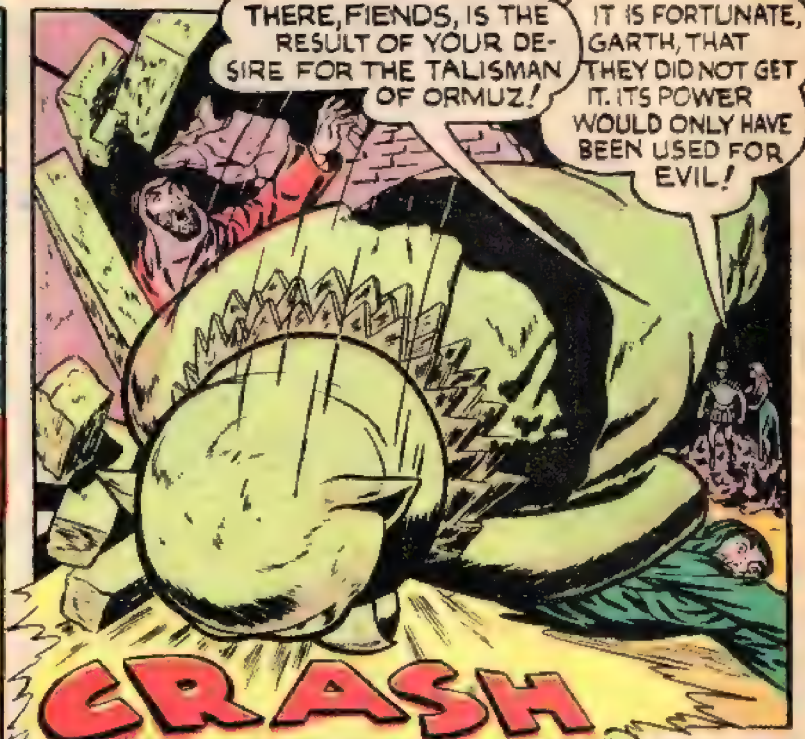
THERE IS
JUST ONE
CHANCE!



THERE THEY
ARE. KILL THEM!
THEY MUST
NOT ESCAPE
ALIVE!

UGH!

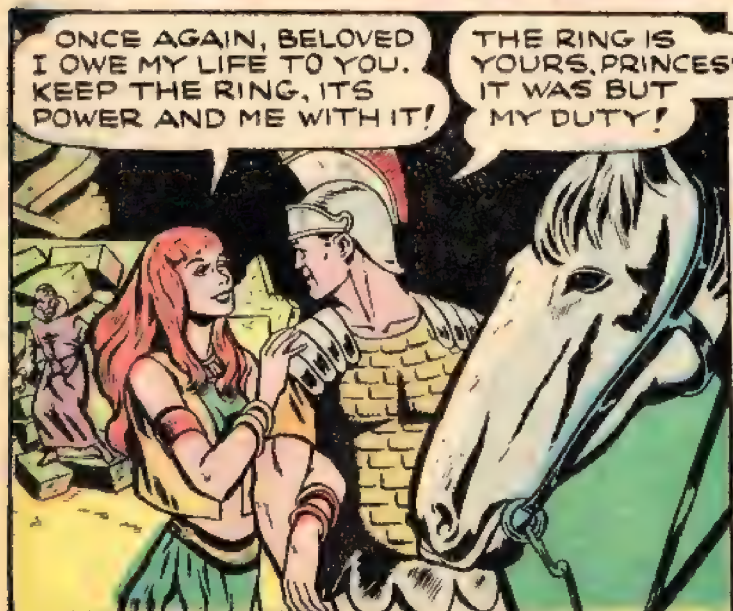
GARTH!



THERE, FIENDS, IS THE
RESULT OF YOUR DE-
SIRE FOR THE TALISMAN
OF ORMUZ!

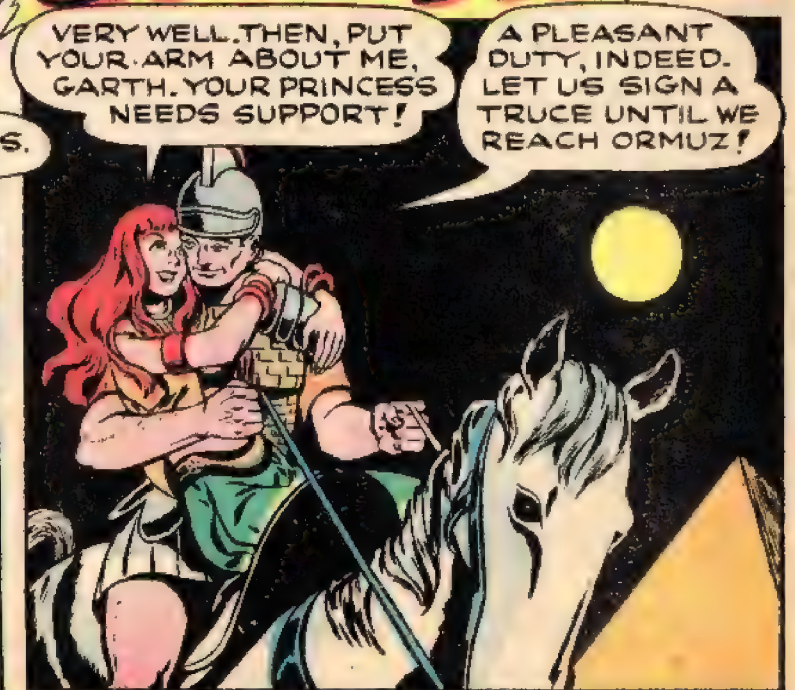
IT IS FORTUNATE,
GARTH, THAT
THEY DID NOT GET
IT. ITS POWER
WOULD ONLY HAVE
BEEN USED FOR
EVIL!

CRASH



ONCE AGAIN, BELOVED
I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU.
KEEP THE RING, ITS
POWER AND ME WITH IT!

THE RING IS
YOURS, PRINCESS.
IT WAS BUT
MY DUTY!



VERY WELL, THEN, PUT
YOUR ARM ABOUT ME,
GARTH. YOUR PRINCESS
NEEDS SUPPORT!

A PLEASANT
DUTY, INDEED.
LET US SIGN A
TRUCE UNTIL WE
REACH ORMUZ!

Malu

The Slave Market of Manoch

BEFORE THEM THE SPIRES OF FABLED ORMUZ. BEHIND THEM THE GRIM DANGERS AND HEARTACHES OF THEIR DESPERATE JOURNEY, MALU AND GARTH STILL FACE THE GREATEST DANGER OF ALL IN "THE SLAVE MARKET OF MANOCH"

AFTER DAYS ON THE HOT DESERT THE WEARY TRAVELERS COME WITHIN SIGHT OF MIGHTY ORMUZ.

THERE, MALU, LIES THE CITY OF YOUR BIRTH!

AT LAST! I THOUGHT WE SHOULD NEVER REACH IT!

A FEW HOURS AND MY MISSION WILL BE COMPLETED! THEN, PERHAPS, WE CAN TALK OF MORE PLEASANT THINGS!

AS FOR ME, MY MISSION IN LIFE WAS COMPLETED THE DAY I FIRST LAID EYES UPON YOU. COME, LET US HURRY!

MEANWHILE WITHIN THE CITY, TAL AZMUT, THE ESCAPED BANDIT, MAKES HIS REPORT...

OH MIGHTY PHAO, EVEN NOW YOUR NIECE APPROACHES ORMUZ ACCOMPANIED BY THE KING'S EMMISARY, GARTH!

WHAT OF THAT? WE HAVE THE RING AND SOON MY BROTHER'S THRONE WILL BE MINE!

OH, LORD, THE RING REMAINS IN THEIR POSSESSION. MY MEN ARE DEAD AND I BARELY ESCAPED WITH MY LIFE!

DOG OF DOGS! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

OUT OF MY SIGHT, TOAD! I WILL SETTLE WITH YOU LATTER...**RAMIZ!**

FORGIVE ME, OH PHAO, I BUT DID MY BEST...**OOMPH!**

LISTEN CLOSELY, RAMIZ FOR TIME IS SHORT! TAKE A COMPANY OF MEN AND RIDE OUT BEYOND THE CITY. THERE YOU MUST...

SHORTLY AFTER AS GARTH AND MALU APPROACH THE CITY WALLS...

I CAN SCARCELY WAIT TO SEE THE CITY OF MY BIRTH AND MY LOST FATHER.

NOR I! BUT.. LOOK A BODY OF HORSEMEN!

GREETINGS, GARTH AND TO YOU TOO, FAIR LADY. I HAVE BEEN SENT TO ESCORT YOU INTO THE CITY!

YOU KNOW OF OUR COMING?

YES! WORD HAS PRECEDED YOU AND THE PRINCESS...

PRINCESS?! HOW COULD YOU KNOW OF THIS? WHO HAS SENT YOU?

ONE WHO WILL MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE ELSE FINDS OUT! **TAKE THEM!!**

MALU, WE...**UNHH!**

EEEEEE!

TAKE HER TO THE SLAVE MARKET OF MANOCH. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN ARRANGED. WE WILL TAKE CARE OF THE MAN!

SLAVE-- MARKET... MANOCH... OHHH!

WITHIN THE HOUR MALU ARRIVES AT THE SLAVE MARKET---

LET GO OF ME, BEAST! I SHALL HAVE YOU PLAYED ALIVE!

HO--LISTEN TO THE QUEEN! IF I HEAR ANY MORE SUCH IDLE TALK, I WILL DO THE PLAYING!

I DEMAND MY INSTANT FREE-DOM. WHEN THEY FIND OUT WHO I AM--- OHH!

WELL, YOUR HIGHNESS, WELCOME TO THE AUCTION BLOCK. WE, YOUR HAND-MAIDENS A-WAIT YOU!

HOW COME YOU ARE HERE? HAS YOUR MASTER DECIDED TO SELL YOU BECAUSE OF YOUR SHARP TONGUE?

YOU WOULD NEVER UNDERSTAND!

YOU ARE TO PREPARE FOR THE SALE TOMORROW AT HIGH NOON. AH, THE NEW ARRIVAL! YOU SHOULD BRING A PRETTY PRICE!

PERHAPS I SHALL NEVER LIVE TO SEE THE BLOCK!

MEANWHILE IN ONE OF PHAO'S DUNGEONS IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY.

MALU! MALU!--WH-- WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?--THE RING! IT IS GONE!

BY THE GODS, THESE ARE THE DUNGEONS OF PHAO! COULD HE BE BEHIND THIS? I MUST GET OUT OF HERE!

IF I CAN GET LOOSE
I MAY YET BE IN TIME
TO SAVE MALU...ALL I
REMEMBER IS THE
SLAVE MARKET
OF MANOCH...



WOULD THEY DARE
SELL HER BACK INTO
SLAVERY? WELL, IF
MY PLAN WORKS, I WILL
SOON FIND OUT!



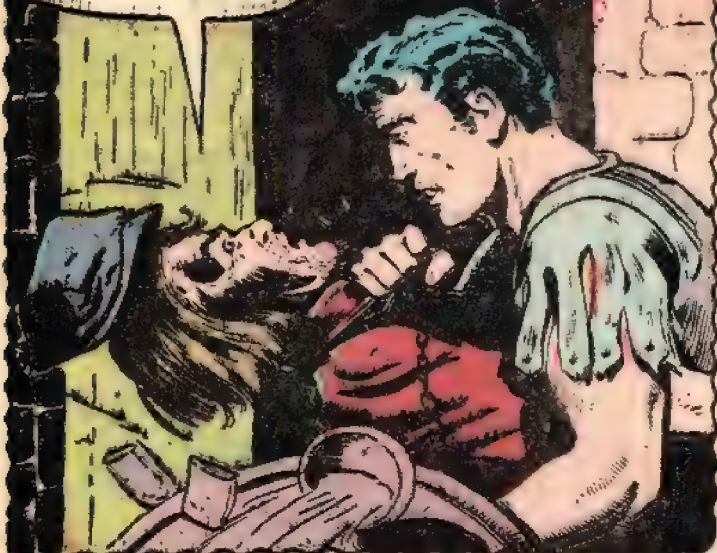
AT THE EVENING MEAL...

COME OUT, PRISONER, I
BRING YOU SUSTENANCE!
AT LEAST THAT IS WHAT
THEY CALL IT!



HELP ME! HELP
ME! I AM ILL!

NO! ALREADY!
THE FOOD CANNOT
BE THAT BAD!
WHAT IS THE
MAT... **ALL!**



NOTHING BUT
A SLIGHT CASE
OF CONFINEMENT!

PERHAPS YOUR
COLLAR IS TOO
TIGHT, JAILER! OR
IS IT THE FOOD THAT
DOESN'T AGREE
WITH YOU?



AAAGH!
UNHHH!

THESE WILL LOOK
MUCH BETTER ON YOU.
IT SEEMS TO ME YOU
WERE MADE FOR THEM!



**SHORTLY
AFTER
GARTH IS
CLOSED
WITH A
POWERFUL
NOBLE OF
ORMUZ
AND HIS
TRUSTED
FRIEND**
.....

...SO YOU CAN SEE
THERE IS NO TIME
TO LOSE. SOME-
THING MUST BE
DONE AT ONCE!



WHY DO YOU
NOT GO AND
LAY THE
MATTER BE-
FORE THE KING?

I DARE NOT! IF I WERE SEEN IN THE KING'S PRESENCE MALU WOULD BE KILLED IMMEDIATELY AND THE RING LOST BEYOND RECOVERY. SECRECY IS NECESSARY!

YOU SPEAK TRUTH. ASK WHAT YOU WILL. ALL I HAVE IS AT YOUR COMMAND!



PROMPTLY AS THE SUN REACHES ITS ZENITH THE SLAVES GO ON SALE---

NOBLE MASTERS OPEN YOUR HEARTS AND PURSES AND LET US HEAR YOUR WILL. WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS CIRCASIAN BEAUTY?

TWENTY TALENTS!

LISTEN NOT TO THIS PAUPER... FIFTY TALENTS!



DO I HEAR NO OTHER BIDS? ARE YOUR PURSES EMPTY? AH, VERY WELL, THE GIRL GOES TO ZADIG FOR FIFTY PALTRY TALENTS!

COME, SLAVE, I HAVE NOT ALL DAY. HURRY!



AND NOW, MASTERS, A PRICELESS PEARL OF BEAUTY, RARE AS THE FABLED JEWELS OF OTAR! WHO WILL START THE BIDDING?

I OFFER A HUNDRED TALENTS!



THREE HUNDRED TALENTS!!

BOOR! FIVE HUNDRED SILVER TALENTS! THE GIRL WILL BE MINE!



I HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO BUY AT ANY PRICE. IS THERE ANYONE WHO BIDS MORE?

BY MY ANCESTOR'S BEARD, I WOULD NOT PAY THAT FOR FIFTY GIRLS. 'TIS A KING'S RANSOM!



NOBLE SIR, SHE IS
THINE. TAKE HER
AND MAY THE
GODS HAVE
PITY ON YOU!

YOU WASTE YOUR JEWELS.
I SHALL NEVER REMAIN
WITH YOU! WAIT AND SEE!

SILENCE! YOU ARE NOW
REALLY MY SLAVE!

GARTH! IT IS
YOU! I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN!
TRULY I AM
YOUR SLAVE
FOR LIFE!

HUSH, WE
MUST HASTEN
TO YOUR
FATHER, THE
KING!



MINUTES LATER AT THE KING'S PALACE.

GARTH, YOU HAVE
RETURNED! WE
HAD BEEN TOLD
YOU WERE
LOST!

THAT WAS NOT SO,
YOUR MAJESTY!!
I HAVE SUCCESSFULLY
COMPLETED THE
MISSION. YOUR
DAUGHTER, SIRE!

MY FATHER!

MALU, MY CHILD!
I HAD NEVER
THOUGHT TO SEE
YOU ALIVE!



THIS IS THE
HAPPIEST MOMENT
OF MY LIFE!

MINE TOO,
FATHER. I HAVE
WAITED SO LONG
FOR THIS MOMENT!

STOP!
STOP THIS
INSTANT!

WHAT IS WRONG,
BROTHER? WHAT BRINGS
THIS INTERRUPTION?

THE GIRL IS
AN IMPOSTER!

HE
LIES!



VERY WELL. IF I LIE, GIVE US PROOF THAT SHE IS THE LONG LOST PRINCESS OF ORMUZ!

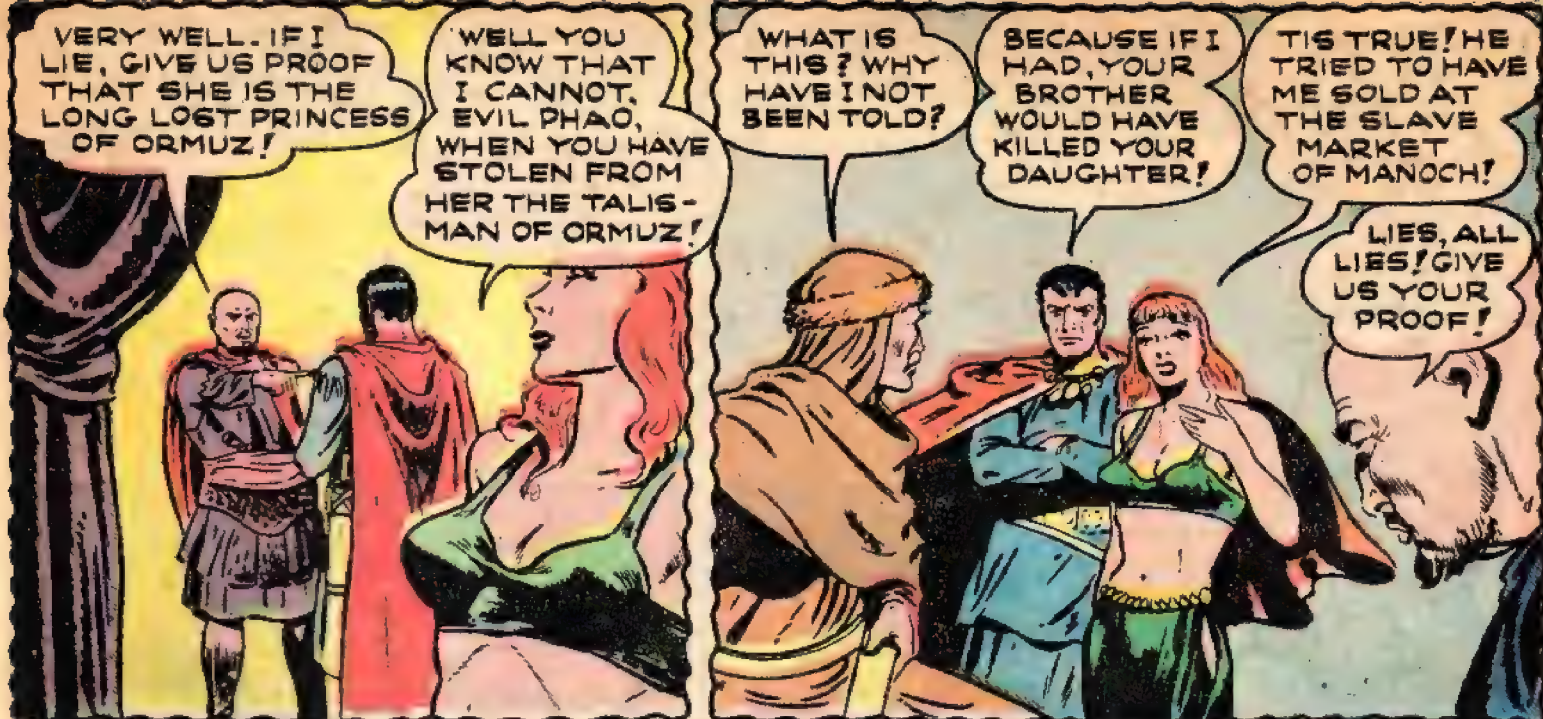
WELL YOU KNOW THAT I CANNOT, EVIL PHAO, WHEN YOU HAVE STOLEN FROM HER THE TALISMAN OF ORMUZ!

WHAT IS THIS? WHY HAVE I NOT BEEN TOLD?

BECAUSE IF I HAD, YOUR BROTHER WOULD HAVE KILLED YOUR DAUGHTER!

TIS TRUE! HE TRIED TO HAVE ME SOLD AT THE SLAVE MARKET OF MANOCH!

LIES, ALL LIES! GIVE US YOUR PROOF!



HO--THE GUARD! WE WILL SOON GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

LET NO ONE TOUCH A HAIR OF THE PRINCESS' HEAD, LEST HE TASTE COLD STEEL!

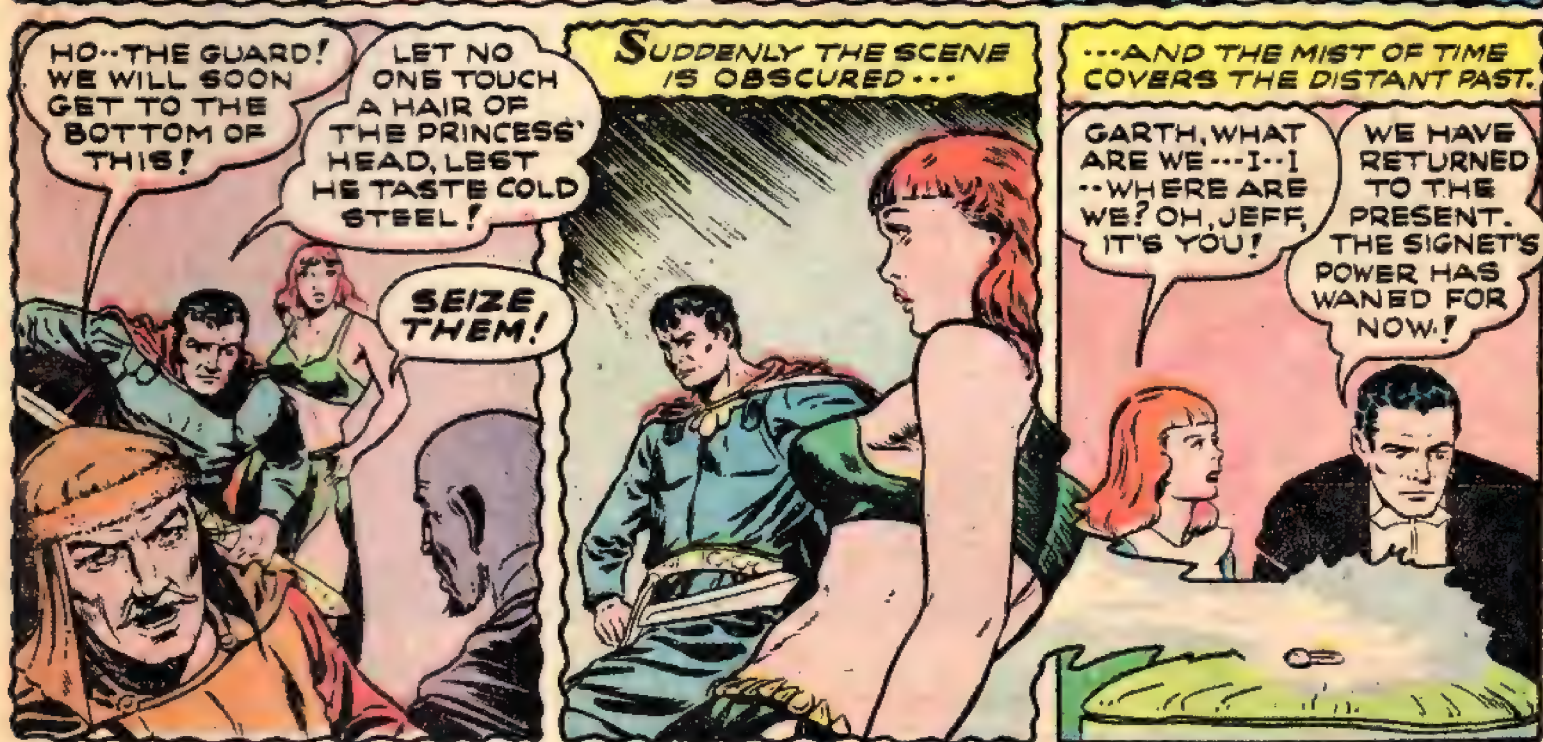
SEIZE THEM!

SUDDENLY THE SCENE IS OBSCURED...

...AND THE MIST OF TIME COVERS THE DISTANT PAST.

GARTH, WHAT ARE WE---I--I--WHERE ARE WE? OH, JEFF, IT'S YOU!

WE HAVE RETURNED TO THE PRESENT. THE SIGNET'S POWER HAS WANED FOR NOW!

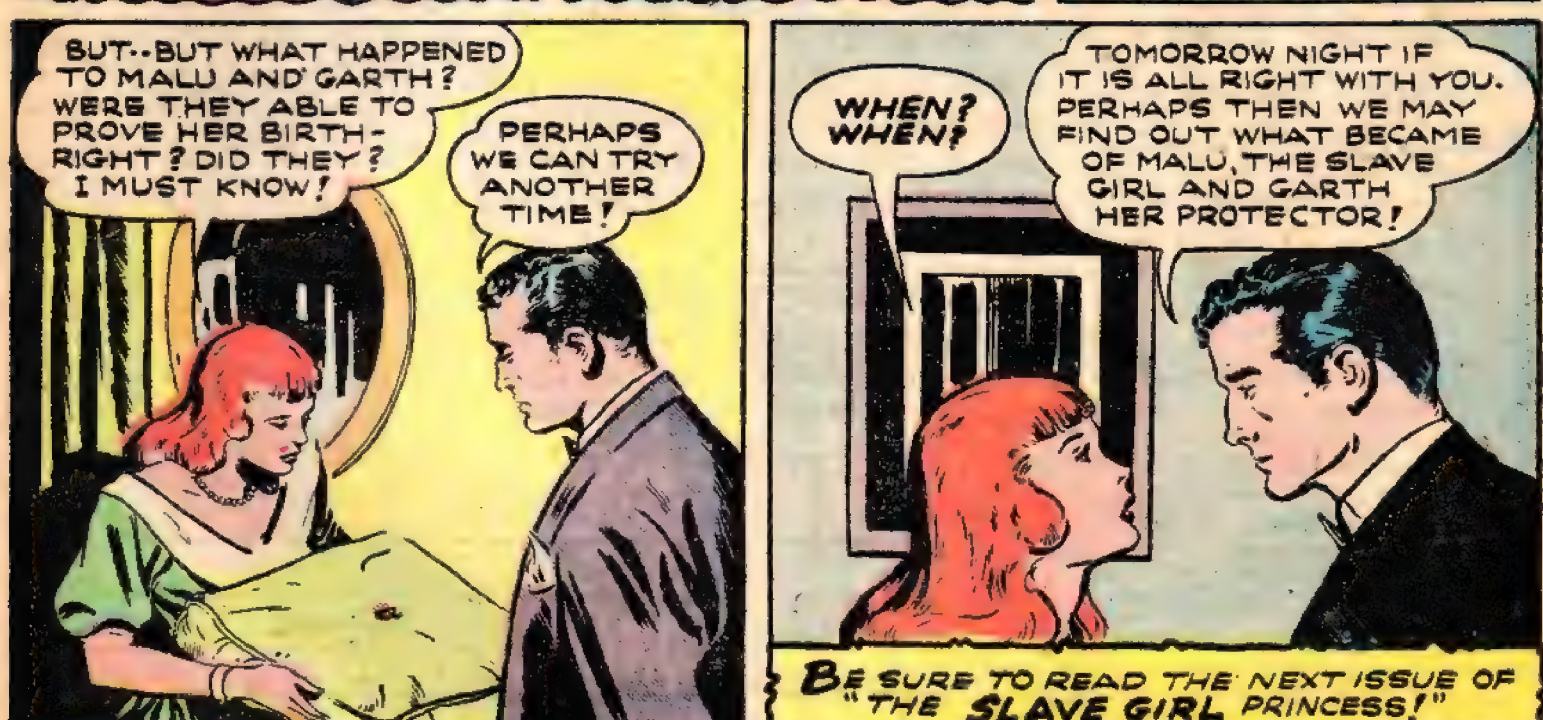


BUT--BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MALU AND GARTH? WERE THEY ABLE TO PROVE HER BIRTH-RIGHT? DID THEY? I MUST KNOW!

PERHAPS WE CAN TRY ANOTHER TIME!

WHEN? WHEN?

TOMORROW NIGHT IF IT IS ALL RIGHT WITH YOU. PERHAPS THEN WE MAY FIND OUT WHAT BECAME OF MALU, THE SLAVE GIRL AND GARTH HER PROTECTOR!



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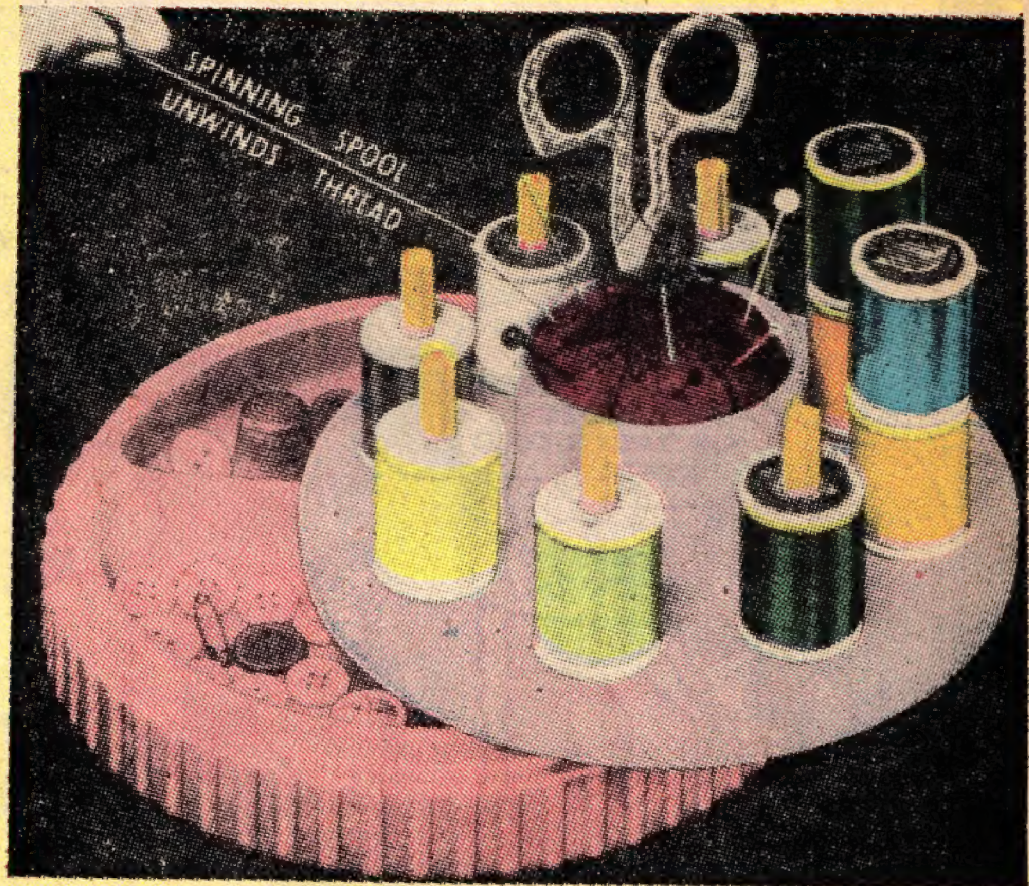


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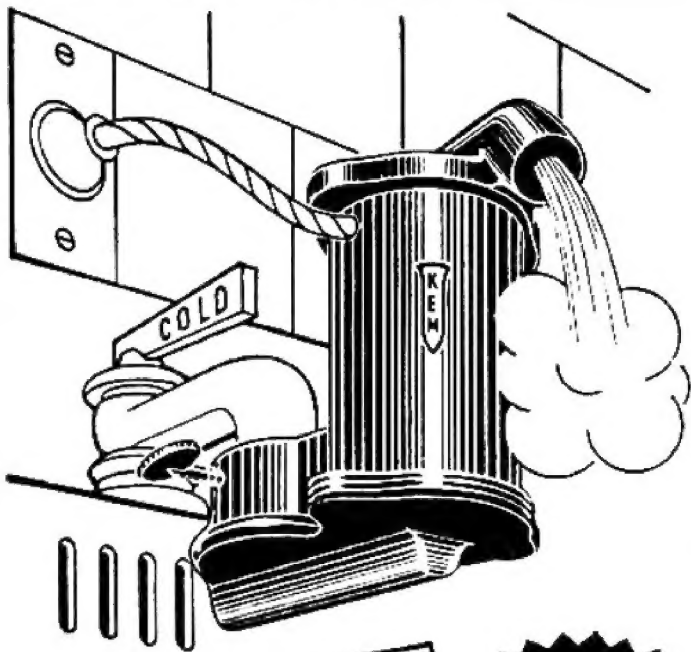
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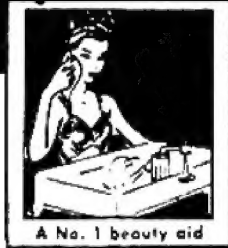
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"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)



If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles. JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only *promised* her relief—but *gave* it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful

complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—*take my word for it!*—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

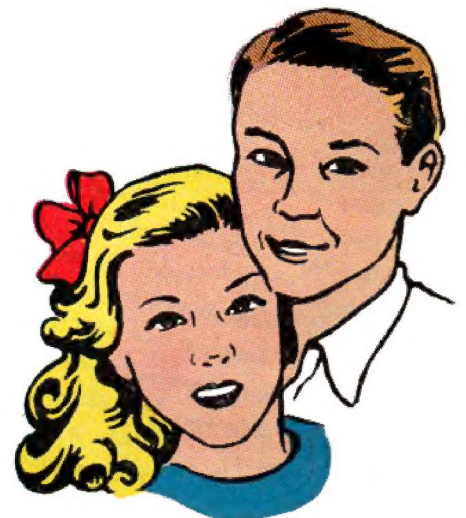
When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 563 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both



jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment *must* work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.



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